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P O E M S

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BY A SMALL

PARTY OF ENGLISH,

Who made this amusement a substitute

FOR SOCIETY,

WHICH the disturbed situation of the country
prevented their enjoying.

AT STRASBURG,
IN THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

1792.

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

GOLDSMITH.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church, that top't the neighb'ring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circle'd in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd.

A

The dancing pair that simply fought renown;
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove,
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

SWEET smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
'Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
'And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
'And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
'Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
'And tires thy echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
'And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
'And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey;
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and Lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store;
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

BUT times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

SWEET AUBURN! parent of the blisful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangled walks, and ruin'd grounds;
 And many a year elaps'd, return to view,
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

IN all my wand'rings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and GOD has giv'n my share—
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
 Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first it flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
 How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try;
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

For

For him no wretches, born to work and weep;
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last;
His heav'n commences e'er the world be pass'd!

SWEET was the sound, when oft, at ev'ning's close;
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung;
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbl'd o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind;
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made:
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread;
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her win'try faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

NEAR yonder copse where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd or wish'd to change his place;
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there and had his claim allow'd;

The broken foldier kindly bade to stay;
Sat by the fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done;
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd,
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school:
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;
 I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;

The

The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

BUT past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound;
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of 'goose;

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day;
With aspin bows, and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

VAIN transitory splendour! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from it's fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling blifs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd:

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade;
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrustful asks if this be joy?

YE friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains: This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so our loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green,
Around the world each useful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.

While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms a garden—and a grave.

WHERE then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

IF to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;

To

To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crouds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
'Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She, once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's doors she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r
With heavy heart deplores the luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

D

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud mens doors they ask a little bread!

AH, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies;
Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting-day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old fire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his hapless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left her lovers for her fathers arms.
With louder plaints, the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose;
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst the fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O, luxury! thou curst by heav'n's decree;
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown;
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow;
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'EN now the devastation is begun,
And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid;
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strive for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crouds, my solitary pride,
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe;
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou

Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou source of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Tornio's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th'inclement clime;
'Aid flighted truth, with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess;
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
'As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

A N E L E G Y
WRITTEN IN A
COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade;
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their fickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn ile and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden; that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day;
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring, look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His little length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him borne,
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
There they alike in trembling hope repose
The bosom of his Father and his God.

A MONODY.

LYTTLETON.

AT length escap'd from ev'ry human eye;
From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share;
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest blifs, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.
Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills;
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more:
Nor will she now, with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night;
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more,
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song:
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell;
For death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.
In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we us'd to walk;
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound;
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?

Your bright inhabitant is lost.

You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts

Where female vanity might wish to shine,

The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.

Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:

To your sequester'd dales

And flower-embroider'd vales,

From an admiring world she chose to fly.

With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,

The silent paths of wisdom trod,

And banish'd every passion from her breast;

But those, the gentlest and the best,

Whose holy flames with energy divine

The virtuous heart enliven and improve,

The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who, like the little playful fawns,

Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,

By your delighted mother's side,

Who now your infant steps shall guide?

'Ah! where is now the hand, whose tender care

To every virtue would have form'd your youth,

And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth?

O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father! left alone;

To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!

How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And, drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!

Now she alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?
Where were ye, Muses, when relentless fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
From these fond arms, that vainly strove
With hapless, ineffectual love,
To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your favouring power, Aëonian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date;
For whom so oft, in these inspiring shades,
Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store;
Whate'er your ancient sages taught;
Your ancient bards sublimely thought;
And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?
Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's bank
Beset with osiers dank,
Nor where Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
Nor where, through hanging woods,
Steep Anio pours his floods,
Nor yet where Meles or Ilissus stray,

Ill does it now beseem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire disease and death your darling should be left.
Now what avails it, that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days,
To emulate her ancient praise,
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire;
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what, in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The pow'rs of Reason and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind.
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd!
At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd tomb;
But

But foremost thou, in fable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay!

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in ev'ry look
Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!

Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the soft'ning influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others good destroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want, and every woe,
To guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!

E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall;
Tears, from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.
Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind:
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could, without regret or pain,
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity, by vengeance, to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever past
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd;
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,

In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.
So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wint'ry tempests all are fled,
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head;
From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen:
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows;
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.
Arise, O Petrarch! from th' Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,

As may e'en things inanimate,
Rough moutain oaks, and defart rocks, to pity move.
What were, alas! thy woes, compar'd to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share;
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.
O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms;
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a defart grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil;

What

What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, ev'ry friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In ev'ry other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each fav'rite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
The rolling year its various course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another, and another, smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain.
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste the same,

O fatal, fatal stroke!
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which e'en wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!
Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare th'all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or 'gainst his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul;
And, in these low abodes of sin and pain,
Her pure exalted soul,
Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain?
No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees,
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is ev'ry mortal bliss;
E'en Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
Does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then my soul with hope elate,

And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path, and ever-open gate,
No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss,
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore;
There yield up all his power e'er to divide you more

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS.

SHENSTONE.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so chearful and gay;
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Ah! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None, once, was so watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torment of doubt and desire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are pass'd, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here!
O, why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown!
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. H O P E.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep,
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar twines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I had labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves,
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As — she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear;
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold

How that pity was due to a dove:

That it ever attended the bold,

And she call'd it the sister of Love.

But her words such a pleasure convey,

So much I her accents adore,

Let her speak, and, whatever she say,

Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain

Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs?

Will any nymph that is fond of the plain;

These plains, and this valley despise?

Dear regions of silence and shade!

Soft scenes of contentment and ease!

Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,

If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?

And where are her grots and her bow'rs?

Are the groves and the valleys as gay,

And the shepherds as gentle as ours?

The groves may, perhaps, be as fair,

And the face of the valleys as fine;

The swains may in manners compare,

But their love is not equal to mine.

III SOLICITUDE.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
 Why term it a folly to grieve?
 Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
 She is fairer than you can believe.
 With her mien she enamours the brave;
 With her wit she engages the free;
 With her modesty pleases the grave;
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.
 O you that have been of her train;
 Come and join in my amorous lays;
 I could lay down my life for the swain
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while;
 Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;
 But—I cannot allow her to smile.
 For when Paridel tries in the dance
 Any favour with Phyllis to find,
 O how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around;
 And his pipe—Oh! may Phyllis beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth words to unfold,
„ How her face is as bright as the snow,
„ And her bosom, be sure, is as cold;
„ How the nightingales labour the strain,
„ With the notes of his charmer to vie;
„ How they vary their accents in vain,
„ Repine at her triumphs and die.„

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.

„ O Phyllis,„ he whispers, „ more fair,
„ More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!
„ What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
„ What is eglandine after a show'r?

„ Then the lily no longer is white;
„ Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
„ Then the violets die with despight,
„ And the woodbines give up their perfume.„

Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue,
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd and I could not but love;
She is faithless and I am undone.
Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;

Ye that witness the woes I endure,

Let reason instruct you to shun

What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how you loiter in vain

Amid nymphs of an higher degree:

It is not for me to explain

How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,

What hope of an end to my woes?

When I cannot endure to forget

The glance that undid my repose.

Yet time may diminish the pain:

The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,

Which I rear'd for her pleasure, in vain,

In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,

The sound of a murmuring stream,

The peace which from solitude flows;

Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme:

High transports are shewn to the sight,

But we are not to find them our own:

Fate never bestow'd such delight,

As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chace;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

TO THE MEMORY

OF

Mr. GARRICK.

SHERIDAN.

IF dying excellence deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here,
Can we persist to bid our sorrows flow
For fabled sufferers and delusive woe?
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
One kind regret—one tributary line!

His fame requires we act a tenderer part:
His memory claims the tear you gave his art!

The general voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead fav'rite pass'd,
The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last,
While Shakespeare's image, from its hallow'd base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place,
Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domestic woe,
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due,
As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you,

Amid the arts which seek ingenuous fame,
 Our toil attempts the most precarious claim!
 To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
 Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies:
 Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
 Raphael still boasts cotemporary praise:
 Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdu'd,
 With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd:
 E'en beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
 Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.
 The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
 A ruder toil, and more mechanic art:
 Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
 The lingering line, and mould the tardy grace:
 But once achiev'd, tho' barbarous wreck o'erthrow
 The facret fane, and lay its glories low,
 Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to day,
 Grac'd by defect; and worshipp'd in decay;
 Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
 Demands his honours, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire,
 O proud distinction of the sacred lyre!
 Wide as th' inspiring Phœbus darts his ray;
 Diffusive splendor gilds his votary's lay.
 Whether the song heroic woes rehearse;
 With Epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse;

Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile
Attempt no prize but favouring beauty's smile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love;
Whate'er the theme, thro' ev'ry age and clime
Congenial passions meet th' according rhyme;
The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,
Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed—their honours thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure.
The actor only shrinks from time's award;
Feeble tradition is his mem'ry's guard;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied!
E'en matchless Garrick's art, to heav'n resign'd
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.

The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied scene;
Th' expressive glance, whose subtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own;
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, cloath'd with orient hues, transcends the day!
Passion's

Passion's wild break, and frown that awes the sense
And ev'ry charm of gentle eloquence,
All perishable!—like th' electric fire
But strike the frame, and as they strike, expire;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

Where then, while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes!
Where is the blest memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame?—whose is the trust?—'tis yours.

And O! by ev'ry charm his art essay'd
To sooth your cares! by ev'ry grief allay'd!
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew!
By his last parting tear, repaid by you!
By all those thoughts, which many a distant night
Shall mark his mem'ry with a sad delight!
Still in your heart's dear record bear his name,
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame,
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time,
To chearful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweet's shall deck the mask beneath.
For these, when sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear!

50 TO THE MEMORY OF M^r. GARRICK.

O loveliest mourner, gentle muse! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine:
As fancy, oft by superstition led
To roam the mansions of the fainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb;
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,
With patient woe, that loves the lingering tear:
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that speak—he never shall return!
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn;
And with soft sighs disperse th' irreverent dust,
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

A P R A Y E R
FOR
I N D I F F E R E N C E .

GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary;
For once I'll try my wish to gain,
Of Oberon the Fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
That lurk'st in woods unseen,
And oft by Cynthia's silver light
Tripp'st gaily o'er the green;
If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient stories tell,
And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd,
Thou fought'st a wond'rous spell;
Oh! deign once more t' exert thy power;
Haply some herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of western flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to please:
Far from the heart those gifts remove
That sighs for peace and ease:

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe;
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound;
Beyond, is agony.

Take then this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart,

Oh! haste to shed the sacred balm!
My shatter'd nerves new string;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach; see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly;
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the promis'd joy.

The tear which pity taught to flow
The eye shall then disown;
The heart that melts for others woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close,
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of calm repose.

O fairy elf ! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send;
And so may never-fading blifs
Thy flow'ry paths attend !

So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
With heav'n's ambrosial dew;
From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content but half to please.

O D E

TO

A D V E R S I T Y.

GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain;
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at his frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse; and with them go
 The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
 By vain prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in fable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound.
 And Melancholy, silent maid
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend:
 Warm charity, the general friend,
 With justice to herself severe,
 And pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming horror's fun'ral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel; and know myself a man.

O D E,
ON A
D I S T A N T P R O S P E C T,
O F
E T O N C O L L E G E.

GRAY.

Y E distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow;
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to foon,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, the glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chace the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest bus'ness bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew then where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame that skulks behind;
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly knows the secret heart;
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
The stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years, beneath
A grisly troop, are seen
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins;
That ev'ry labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming age.

To each his suff'rings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate!
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise,
No more—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

THE RAPE;

T H E R A P E,
O F T H E
L O C K.

POPE.

C A N T O I.

W H A T dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs gave themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers' just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground;
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:

P

'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head;
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau,
(That e'en in slumber made her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
 Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower sky:
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.

As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd a woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive;
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery Termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome;
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what age they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,

Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Tho' honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the gnomes embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers ere disdain'd, and love deny'd.
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, your grace salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

Oft' when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand;
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?

With

With varying vanities, from ev'ry part;
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw alas! some dread event impend;
Ere to the main this morning sun descend:
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!

He said; when Shock who thought she slept too
long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now unveil'd the toilet stands display'd;
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs:
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride,
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box:
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white;
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

C A N T O II.

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-dress'd Youths, around her
shone;

But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore;
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride;
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.

With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race inshare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th'advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves:
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r;
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides,
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;

Smooth

Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd;
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons strait his Denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their infant wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear:
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day,
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky.
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light,
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wint'ry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others, on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide;
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th'imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash, to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That ere deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;

Some dire disaster, or by force or flight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball,
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Chrispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Peticcoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail;
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye,

Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
 Or allum styptics with contracting pow'r
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flow'r:
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling wheel,
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
 Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

C A N T O III.

CLOSE by those meads, forever crown'd with flow'rs,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
 Here thou great Anna! whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste a while the pleasures of a court;

In

In various talk th' instructive hours they past;
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat;
With finging, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights
At Ombre singly, to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank he bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her fable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board,
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field,
Him Balto follow'd, but his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
With his broad faber next, a chief in years,
Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew;
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Di'monds pours apace;
Th'embroider'd King who shews but half his face;
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Di'monds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Di'monds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook;
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
 She fees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
 And now (as oft in some distemper'd State)
 On one nice trick depends the general fate,
 An ace of hearts steps forth, the King unseen,
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The Nymph exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;

Some

Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wife,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just God's, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill?
Just then, Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So Ladies, in Romance, assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends,
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the di'mond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel fought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought;

T

As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T'inclose the Lock; now joins it to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th'affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast
When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,

While visits shall be paid on solemn days;
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tower's of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

C A N T O IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppres'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,

Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd, to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheering breeze this fullen region knows;
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here, in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd, her bosom with lampoons.

There affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen;
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful as hermits dreams in haunted shades;
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires;
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand:
Then thus address'd the Pow'r-Hail wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex from fifty to fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit;
On various tempers act, in various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.

A Nymph there is that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters, matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costly lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease,
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous bag with both her hands she binds;
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues,
A phial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears,
The Gnome rejoicing, bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.

Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
O wretched maid! she spread her hands and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your Locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead!
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the di'mond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?

Sooner shall grafs in Hyde-park Circus grow;
 And wits take lodgings in the fount of Bow;
 Sooner shall earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall;
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!
 She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs;
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unmeaning face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil!
 „Z....ds! damn the Lock! 'fore God, you must be civil!
 „Plague on't 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
 „Give her the hair „—he spoke, and rapp'd his box!

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
 But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;
 Which never more its honours shall renew,
 Clipp'd from the native head where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall forever wear.
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
 He breaks the phial whence the sorrows flow.

Then

Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way;
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like, roses that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I stay'd and said my pray'r's at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering China shook without a wind,
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:

These in two sable ringlets taught to break;
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own,
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

C A N T O V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails;
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began:
 Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most;
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why angel's call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaux
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:

That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chac'd old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a faint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd, or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail
When airs, and flights, and screams and scoldings fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensu'd,
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack:
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes and Heroines, shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.

No common weapon in their hands are found;
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sponce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng;
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
„O cruel nymph! a living death I bear;„
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast;
[“Those eyes are made so killing “—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowry margin lies
Th'expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down;
Chloe stepp'd in and kill'd him with a frown;

She

She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain;
But; at her smile the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the mens wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda at the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw; ,
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandfire wore about his neck,
In three seal rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;

Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low:
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames, but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is fought, but fought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There heroes wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases;
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribbon bound;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd to view)
A sudden star it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant train of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd, pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray:
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th'egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame;
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

TABLE

OF CONTENTS.

- PAGE THE FIRST. *THE deserted village.*
GOLDSMITH.
- PAGE 18. *An elegy written in a country churchyard.*
GRAY.
- PAGE 24. *A monody on the death of his lady.*
LITTLETON.
- PAGE 36. *A pastoral ballad, in four parts.*
SHENSTONE.
- PAGE 46. *VERSES to the memory of Garrick.*
SHERIDAN.
- PAGE 51. *A prayer for indifference.*
GREVILLE.
- PAGE 53. *ODE to adversity.*
GRAY.
- PAGE 57. *ODE on a distant prospect of Eton college.*
GRAY.
- PAGE. 61 *THE rape of the lock.*
POPE.

FINIS.

